

**WARREN
MAGAZINE**



**CREEPY
677**

EIGHT SPINE-TINGLING CHRISTMAS CLASSICS! WITH COLOR!

CREEPY

**NOV. 1968
\$0.25
\$0.00**

**DEVILS, DEMONS,
OGRES, TROLLS
AND Goblins!**

**OUT OF THE
DEPTHS OF HELL
THEY CREEP...**

**...TO SLAY
A HOLY INFANT
ON THE MOST
HOLY OF NIGHTS!**

**"ONCE UPON
A MIRACLE!"**

**CHRISTMAS!
A DAY OF
MIRACLES, MAGIC
AND HORROR!**





MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BRING
YOU GHOSTS, MONSTERS, FENDS,
ALIENS AND TERRORS FROM
BEYOND THE GRAVE!

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Dear Uncle Creepy...



I purchased a copy of CREEPY #75 because it contained the first comic story Neal Adams has done is quite a while.

Although my main interest had been in the art I was stunned to see how well "Thrillkill" was written. It surprised me that a story with underlying social comment would appear in a magazine touted as a "monster comic," supposedly crammed with werewolves, vampires, and other classic monsters of the genre.

I read the other stories in the issue with as much interest as I did Jim Steinström's "Thrillkill!" And I found that in the time since last I purchased a Warren publication, the stories have matured. They have begun to examine the human condition in an adult manner.

And I found that, for sheer character development and beauty, my favorite story of the issue was Budd Lewis' "Escape Chronicle." It was a truly moving piece of fiction.

I never expected to see stories like these between the covers of a "monster magazine."

Gentlemen, I applaud them!

BRENT ANDERSON
San Jose, Calif.

No doubt about it! CREEPY #75 was the best magazine Warren has ever published.

I've ordered back issues #1 through #25. Yet, having seen CREEPY #75, I will have to subscribe as well. I wouldn't want to miss out on pages as good as this one. And I'll bet the CREEPY Christmas Special will be even better!



CHARLES OUY LUNA
Owego, Ill.

We've tried to make this Christmas issue as special as possible, Charles. We hope you enjoy it.

"Snow" was marvelous! In my opinion, the best story in the excellent CREEPY #75.

Jim Steinström's "Thrillkill" was badly, yet I found it preferable in its concern for justifying the motives of a deranged mind.

His "Death Expression" relied a little too heavily on shock value & shock that, when it came, seemed too silly to be frightening!

"Phantom of Pleasure Island" and "Escape Chronicle" both rated pretty high. But for sheer sublimity, Bruce Bessiere's "Snow" was the issue's real winner!

LOUIS GRIFTY
New Orleans, La.

Jim Steinström is, in my humble opinion, Warren's best writer.

He certainly was in tune with his reading "Death Expression." Aside from over-long captions, which made for tiring reading, it was one fantastic story!

John Severin's art contributed much to this fine piece, also. Soldiers and military rapists are Severin's forte.

With "Thrillkill," the incomparable Steinström produced yet another masterpiece. He forced me identify with a killer... sympathize... understand! A truly great story made even better by one of Neal Adams' best art jobs ever!

JULIO REY
Miami, Fla.

"Escape Chronicle" in CREEPY #75, was not one of Budd Lewis' better stories. He simply came down too heavy on a subject that has already had too much exposure.

I guess I'm just tired of tales featuring kidnapping rituals in a government controlled computerized future.

Science fiction is great! But the same overused plot line and again, is wearying.

RIE MURGE
Watsburg, Penn.

"Escape Chronicle" is probably the best story Budd Lewis has ever written.

Matched with Jose Ortiz' perfect artwork, it is one of the saddest, most touching stories Warren has ever published.

Lewis is well on his way to topping the writing award from Warren again this year!

THOMAS BRIDGSON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

The clincher for CREEPY #75, an altogether great issue, was Jim Steinström's "Thrillkill." Neal Adams' art created an eerie, commanding atmosphere that made Steinström's probing psychological mass murder horror tale all the more chilling!

Keep Steinström writing stories like this, and Warren Publishing will have the devoted fan for life!

FRANK ROSE
Danville, IL

Gerry Boudreau's "Phantom of Pleasure Island" was a nicely done Chandler-esque tale. Alex Toth's simplistic art suited it perfectly!

Together, Toth and Boudreau have given us a memorable detective side of psychological horror!

DODDREILLY
Ada, Ohio



Budd Lewis' "Escape Chronicle" was, readers claimed, a truly touching tale of individualism in the land of conformity. Jose Ortiz' atmospheric artwork provided stark realism!

The line art in CREEPY #75 has crashed the standard magazine of the year! So highly rated is the overall quality that I am utterly unable to single out any one effort as "best."

Warren Publishing has set a precedent with this issue's lineup of artists. I hope the change is permanent!

I cannot be completely understanding in my praise of this issue's stories, however.

Budd Lewis' "Escape Chronicle" was indeed written in a realistic, almost cinematic style. And Bruce Bessiere's "Snow" was well worth waiting for!

It proved, once and for all, that cannibalism could be presented in a horror story dramatically and tastefully. Bessiere, an excellent writer, managed to convey the gravity of the subject without the use of blatant, nauseating details.

Gerry Boudreau's "Phantom of Pleasure Island" attempted to recreate 1940's style pulp-detective fiction... but it takes more than nostalgia to make another Raymond Chandler. Boudreau's tale is, unfortunately, no "Maltese Falcon!"

Neither of Jim Steinström's stories were fulfilling. I found "Death Expression" maddening and pointless. Its "dream" gimmick is much overused. And his "Thrillkill" was more a philosophical statement than a story.

I'm looking forward to the day when Warren Publishing manages to team its best artists with its finest possible stories. Then puts them all in one fabulous issue!

Perfection is a more four or five scripts away!

BRIAN CADDEN
Greenleaf, Ohio

In "Phantom of Pleasure Island," Gerry Boudreau has deftly captured the mood of an old time detective novel. His crisp, fast-moving script received full justice from Alex Toth's beautifully paced, carefully worked-out story-telling. Toth's simple, graceful graphic style lent elegance to this fine pulp detective yarn!

SEAN BLUNNS
Spotwood, N.J.

"Escape Chronicle" was a terrific mixture of drama, science fiction and horror. It helped make CREEPY #75 one of the finest magazines I've ever read!

RANDY DOBSON
McClintockville, S.C.

"CREEPY no. 75...Mature stories in a Monster magazine?"

The two stories by Jim Steinberg were the high lights of CREEPY #75.

"Death Expression" led us down a grisly path of realistic possibilities in South American jungle politics. The realism was greatly enhanced by the choice of John Severin as artist! The cockroach visage of the aliens was both absurd and chilling, a genuine shocker of a script made even more memorable by Severin's gritty artwork.

I've never seen a tale of alienation approached from quite the angle chosen by Steinberg and Neal Adams in "Thriller". Oh, I've seen stories where an after-the-fact flashback explains the circumstances leading to a protagonist's anti-social behavior! But the morbid questions of good and evil of human responsibility... the left-handed justification for the killers actions, is a unique approach. Its unique at a loss to comment on such an original and thrilling tale.

GARY KIMBER
Ontario, Canada

One look at the latest CREEPY and I started thinking Warren Awards. Because, if a magazine is ever doubtful of award material, it's CREEPY #75! So little wonder that many of my award choices come from the pages of this issue.

The best art, in my opinion, was Neal Adams' "Thriller" from CREEPY #75!

Best cover award should go to S&W for his spectacular El Gid cover from Eerie #60.

Bert Wrighton is far and away, Warren's best artist/writer for 1975 as he proved in his stunning "Muck Monster".

Rick Corben is my choice for best artist. Even with the scarcity of Corben cover in 1975, his work stands out, evidenced by his "Arm-Chrysalis", "Shadow", and "Unprovoked Attack on a Hilton Hotel".

Warren's best writer had two stories in CREEPY #75, the two best stories in the issue "Thriller" and "Death Expression". Jim Steinberg had previously won my admiration for his scorching of Corben's "Hilton" tale.

JIM JONES
Baltimore, Md

Excellent selections all. Now, what do the rest of you readers think? What are your choices for 1975's Warren Awards?



Jim Steinberg's CREEPY #75 tales caused a buzz of positive comment. The favorite was Neal Adams' "Thriller". John Severin's "Death Expression" ran a close second.

CREEPY #75 was excellent! I speak as one who gloriously read all the EC comics free at my local, now defunct drug store. That was back in 1952, when cigarettes were 25¢ and a Coke was my passport to an afternoon with the *Crypt of Terror* and *House of Fear*.

Best of all, CREEPY #75 contained "Thriller". Yet there was the excellent "Death Expression" also. This piece reader received a genuine jolt when the Major's mask was torn away.

And "Snow" deserves points for the "Oh, this..." voiced by the predatory cannibal when he realizes he is about to receive his desecration.

Great stories all! Warren Publishing has made this middle-aged, long-time aficionado of the macabre very happy.

BRUCE MOFFITT
Purdin, Mo.

"Snow" the Rich Buckler/Wally Wood tale of cannibalism was fantastic. Another of Warren Publishing's hopeful recurrences into a hopeless future.

The need to adopt new moral attitudes to face a changed environment, was forcefully emphasized. The hero understandably explained to his nephew and to us, that the attacking vagabond-cannibal was not necessarily a bad man... only a very hungry one.

The story's concluding panels, as the hungry hero looks at the still warm body of his attacker and licks his lips, leaves little doubt for the future of the vagabond's corpse!

What a great story! Thank you, Bruce Manning, for an excellent piece of entertainment.

ERWING PINQUE
Rushaan, N.Y.

Magnificent! That's CREEPY #75! Both scripts and art were top-notch. Not one story was a "filler", marking space between the heavyweights!

Highest honors go to "Thriller" by Russ to Neal Adams for his magnificent illustration of Jim Steinberg's excellent story. The ending of the tale just tears your heart out!

"Escape Chronicle" by Budd Lewis and Jose Ortiz, was superb, also. And the fine cover by Ken Kelly was alone worth the price of the magazine!

Warren's sci-fi pioneers tend to create stories that entertain, yet are statements on society... condemning warning, speculating on present and future possibilities. This issue's theme was obviously senseless slaughter... which played a major role in most of the stories in CREEPY #75.

In each tale, the approach was frightful, realistically horrible. This one exception was the ridiculous cockroaches from outer space. The alien invasion theme of "Death Expression" I wasn't scared. In fact, I laughed myself silly!

LARRY E. WHITE
Memphis, Tenn.

I just finished reading CREEPY #75. Wow!

Of the two stories in the issue, the one that impressed me most was "Escape Chronicle".

Jose Ortiz and Budd Lewis apparently delved into one of our world's possible futures. I was so enthralled by the tale's ending that I now see no other optimistic possibilities for our earth's future. It is truly frightening.

JIM TARDICH
Del Mar, S.D.

What a fabulous cover! Ken Kelly's "Escape" painting was a fine lead-in to the fantastic interior of CREEPY #75.

RANDY PALMER
Arlington, Va.

Congratulations on CREEPY #75... a phenomenally fine issue from beginning to end!

"The Escape Chronicle" started the issue off with a fine flourish! Nobody but Jose Ortiz could have portrayed Budd Lewis' story with such fluid continuity of panels and outstanding artwork!

And you topped all the rest with "Thriller" by the comic master, Neal Adams! I hope to see many many more issues like this one!

WOLFGANG GRAPER
Newark, Del.

opinions? write...

DEAR UNCLE
CREEPY

c/o Warren Publishing
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



ONCE UPON A Miracle



HOW CAN YOU EVEN TALK OF HER AS A LADY WHEN YOU KNOW SHE'S A THIEF... AND PROBABLY A WHORE AS WELL?

FATHER... I'M A WEE BIT ASSHAMED OF YOU!

HAVE YOU NOT ASKED YOURSELF WHY THE WOMAN STOLE THE FIGURE OF THE CHRIST CHILD?

SURELY THE LADY'S REASONING IN TAKING A STATUE WORTH ALL OF NINETY-EIGHT CENTS MUST'VE CROSSED YOUR MINDS!

WELL... I US, I

LET ME GIVE YOU SOME INSIGHT INTO THE MATTER, ME SON!

I SEE... THE WOMAN'S A WEE TERNER IN THE HEAD THESE PDS!

"BUT SHE WERENT' JERMS LIKE THAT! ONCE SHE HAD A BABY OF HER OWN... SO BEAUTIFUL, SWEET AND SWEET AS TO BE HER MOTHER'S DELIGHT!"

"BUT THREE YEARS AGO... IN THAT MISERABLE COLD WINTER OF '01... WHEN THE BABY WAS NO MORE'N A YEAR... OUT OF ITS CRADLE...

IT JUMPED ONE NIGHT AND CRAWLED OUT A COLD SHOOT... STRAIGHT INTO THE FREEZING OUTDOORS!"

"THEY FOUND THE POOR TYKE THE NEXT MORNING... LYING IN THE SNOW, COVERED WITH SOOT... AND COLD FROZEN DEAD!"

THE WOMAN'S NEVER ACCEPTED HER CHILD'S DEATH!

...EVEN TO THE POINT OF TAKING A CHILD'S STATUE FROM OUR MANGERS!

"I MIGHT SAY SHE'S BEEN SEARCHING FOR HER WARM, LIVING BABY EVER SINCE..."

AND BY GOD, ME SON, I ALMOST WISH YOU WOULD HAVE LET HER STEAL THE FIGURE OF THE CHRIST CHILD LAST YEAR!

I-I SEE, MONSIGNOR! A-AND I'M SORRY...

I-THE POOR WOMAN COULD NEVER HAVE DESTROYED THE FIGURE AS I ACCUSED HER!

BUT IF SHE DIDN'T DO IT...WHO DID, MONSIGNOR?

HAVE YE NEVER HEARD OF THE CHRISTMAS SHORES, RE BOY?

EVERY YEAR ON THE DAY OF OUR LORD'S BIRTH, THEY SLITHER UP FROM THE DEPTHS TO BREAK NAVID IN CHRIST'S CHURCH!

AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO CREATE A RILISANCE THAN TO DESTROY THE CHRIST CHILD ITSELF!

MONSIGNOR, SURELY YOU JOKED? YOU DON'T BELIEVE THOSE OLD RELIGIOUS SUPERSTITIONS?

THAT'S LIKE BELIEVING IN FUNKS, FAIRIES, SPRITES AND ANG—

AND WHAT RE BOY? ANGELS?

I SURELY PRAY THERE RE ANGELS...AND A HEAVEN FOR THEM TO RESIDE IN...OR I'LL HAVE WASTED A LIFE I COULD O' SPENT ON WOMEN, WOMEN AND SIN!

BUT COME, RE BOY...IT'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT!

IT'S BEEN A FULL DAY FOR MEN O' THE CLOTH LIKE OURSELVES!

WHAT SAY WE RETIRE TO THE RECTORY? WE CAN'T HAVE THE WOMEN AND SIN...

BUT STAINED IN RE ROSES IS A BOTTLE O' HOLIDAY WINE AS TO WARM THE WICKED HEART O' EVEN A CROOKED AS-GINGER!















"B-MONSIGNOR! SHE'S DONE IT AGAIN! THE OLD WOMAN IS MAKING OFF WITH THE FIGURE OF THE CHRIST CHILD!"



"B-MONSIGNOR! THAT'S HOW SHE'S CARRYING! LISTEN... IT'S A *REAL* BABY CRYING!"



"B-BUT WITH MY OWN EYES, I SAW IT WAS THE FIGURE OF OUR OWN CHRIST CHILD!"

"AYE!"



"INDEED IT WAS, FATHER!"

"BUT NOTHING OUR CHURCH HAS HAD BEFORE THIS HOLY NIGHT!"



"IF YOU MEAN, A MIRACLE, MONSIGNOR?"



"THE BOY... LET'S JUST CALL IT..."

"A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM ABOVE!"



THERE ARE, WITHIN
OUR OWN UNIVERSE,
ORDINATE OF TIME,
PLACE AND EVENT
WHICH DEMAND
DESCRIPTION AND
BECOME THE MIND.



WE ALL KNOW
THAT THERE ARE
THINGS THAT JUST
CANNOT BE.



'LEAST THAT'S WHAT
FELIX HAD THOUGHT
THAT CHRISTMAS EVE
BACK IN 1928....!'

STORY
and
ART:
ALEX
TOTM

TIBOR WAS FLYING THE U.S. AIR MAIL RUN DUE EAST OUT OF WINSTON, ARIZONA, BOUND FOR GALLUP, NEW MEXICO, WITH A WINTER SUN SETTING EARLY AND FAST... WHEN HE SAW IT COMING AT HIM....!



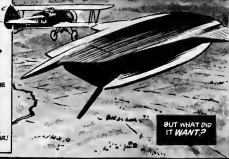
IT FLASHED BY, CIRCLED HIS BIPLANE AS IF IT WAS STANDING STILL IN MID-AIR, THEN CAME UP ON HIS TAILFEATHERS, SLOWING TO MATCH TIBOR MIKO'S SPEED. HE'D NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT AFOUNDO OR AIRBORNE...NOT EVEN IN THE SCIENCE MONTHLIES!



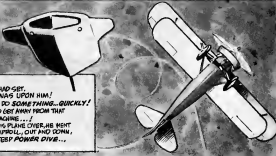
WHATEVER IT WAS, AND HOWEVER THE PILOT HAD TIBOR KNEW THAT HE AND HIS PLANE WERE BEING OBSERVED...STUPID... FROM ALL SIDES.

BUT WHY? BY WHOM? AND HOW COULD THAT DAMNED THING FLY AT ALL....? WITHOUT A PROPELLER... WITHOUT A SOUND, EXCEPT FOR THE RUSH OF AIR FLOW OVER ITS STRANGE FISH-LIKE FUSELAGE AND STUBBY WINGS!

COULDN'T BE A ROCKET... THE THING EMITTED NO VISIBLE EXHAUST AT ALL... AND HAD NO LANDING GEAR!



BUT WHAT DID IT WANT?



THE SUN HAD SET.
 NIGHT WAS UPON HIM!
 HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING...QUICKLY!
 HE HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THAT
 UNREAL MACHINE...!
 KICKING HIS PLANE OVER, HE WENT
 INTO A SPIRAL, OUT AND DOWN,
 INTO A STEEP POWER DIVE...

... BEFORE HE LEVELLED
 OFF, DANGEROUSLY TOO
 CLOSE TO THE GROUND...

...TRYING DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE
 HIS PURSUEE... OR PUT HIM INTO
 ONE OF THE BUTTES RISING FROM
 THE SNOW-COVERED DESERT FLOOR.



BUT IT FLEW
 RIGHT WITH
 HIM, EVERY
 FOOT OF THE
 WAY... AS IF
 SENSING HIS
 EVERY MOVE.



THEN, IT HAPPENED!
 HIS ENGINE BARKED
 ...MISSED... AND
 SPITTERED! IN A
 MINUTE, IT DIED! TIBOR
 WHO TRIED, VAINLY,
 TO PUNCH IT BACK TO LIFE...!
 BUT NO DICE! HE HAD TO
 LAND... SOMEWHERE DOWN
 THERE... ON A LEVEL STRIP,
 OR A ROAD! HIS EYES
 FOUGHT TO GAUGE THE
 TERRAIN BENEATH THE
 SNOW AND ICE...!





THERE IT WAS! BARELY VISIBLE
...A ROAD! IT WOULD HAVE
TO DO! HE WAS LOSING AIR
SPEED AND CRITICAL
ALTITUDE! HE'D HAVE TO DO
IT IN ONE PASS... AND LAND!



AS HE LINED UP TO DEAD-STICK DOWN, THE
MYSTERIOUS CRAFT PASSED OVERHEAD,
ITS LANDING GEAR EXTENDED. IT SLOWED
AND FLANKED FOR... TOUCHDOWN! IT
WAS LANDING, TOO... AHEAD OF HIM!

TIBOR HMO WAS BOTH
ANGRY AND AFRAID AS HE
LEFT HIS PLANE AND MADE
FOR THE ODD CRAFT... OUT
HERE, MILES FROM HELP,
AND WITH A GOOD CHANCE
OF FREEING TO DEATH.
NO MATTER HOW HE'D FARE
WITH HIS PURSUEE, HIS
ONLY COMFORT NOW, WAS
HIS AIR AUTOMATIC...!



ALL RIGHT! YOU IN THERE!
WHOEVER YOU ARE, COME
OUT... OR I'LL FIRE INTO
YOUR COCKPIT!
NOW!



COME
OUT, I
SAY!

OR
I
OPEN
FIRE!



MY NAME IS TIBOR MIKO, AIR-MAIL PILOT! YOU HAVE INTERRUPTED OFFICIAL DELIVERY OF THE U.S. MAIL AND ARE GUILTY OF A FELONY! WHOEVER YOU ARE! NOW COME OUT OF THERE!

VERY WELL THEN... HAVE IT YOUR WAY! I WILL FIRE AT THE COUNT OF THREE!

ONE... TWO...



...THREE!

KAPOW
POW
POW
POW
POW

GOOD LORD!
NOT EVEN A
SCRATCH!
W-WHAT
NOW?

TIBOR HEARD A SOFT WHIRRING SOUND... AND THEN HE SAW...



...A HATCH
OPENING!



**N-NOOO! NO!
YOU'RE N-NOT
REAL! Y-YOU
CAN'T EXIST!
WHA-WHAT
ARE YOU...?**



**NO! LET GO!
P-PLEASE...!**



AT 7:13 PM, DECEMBER 24, 1958, TIBOR MIKO, U.S. AIR MAIL PILOT, LEFT THIS EARTH AND WAS NEVER SEEN OR HEARD FROM AGAIN... TAKEN SOMEWHERE FOR SOME REASON BY HIS UNKNOWN AND UNSEEN CAPTORS IN THEIR STRANGE CRAFT!

BUT... WHERE? WHY? AND WHY TIBOR? FOR WHAT REASON WAS TIBOR MIKO WANTED? AND BY WHOM? THERE IS NO WAY TO ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS ... SO MANY YEARS AFTER THE FACT!

FOR THERE ARE ODD MOMENTS LIKE THESE, IN TIME, WHEN THE PERSPECTIVE GRID LINES OF THAT PRESENT AND FUTURE BLUE AND SWIFT AWAY FROM THEIR NORM ... TO CROSS EACH OTHER ... WITH DIRE AND INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES FOR UNFORTUNATES LIKE TIBOR MIKO WHO ARE TRAPPED ... IN ONE HELLUVA WAY TO SPEND CHRISTMAS EVE ... AND ETERNITY!

DURING MY FIRST DOZEN YEARS OF APPRENTICESHIP IN SERVICE TO MY GOD, I BODE AT THE SCRE OF A GREAT CHIVALRY. WE FOUGHT THE GODLESS ALMIGHTY, OF HOLY JERUSALEM, AND BY SWORD WAS THE SLAVE OF GOD'S OWN WORTH... MY HEART AS CERTAIN AS THE UNHOLY BLOOD I SPILT.

I SCATTERED MEN'S BOWELS IN THE NAME OF GOD... THEN AWAKENED OVER THEIR KISSING, AND THEY CALLED ME FEAR STEEL.

YOURER LIEB THE ABBEY, IS THERE ANY MAN AMONGST US WHOSE SPIRIT DREAMS AT ITS BRIGHT?

LIKE I DO NOW FEAR THIS PLACE WE GO INTO?

THE MAN IN ME CRIES FOR FEAR, THE GOD IN ME BIDS ME ATTEND, JUSTIN.

NINE YEARS AFTER THOSE CRIMES I TOOK THE BONES IN MY REVERTED ORDER TO HOLD A HUMBLE CHRISTMAS MASS, THERE WERE IN DAYS OF PEACE, I USED NO SWORD, ONLY A CROSS.

THE ABBEY HAD LONG GONE UNTOO BY HUMAN FEET, SOMETHING HAD ONCE TRANSPIRED IN THIS FORGOTTEN PLACE, SOMETHING EVIL, EVIL THAT DROVE MEN AWAY IN NOON, YET THERE WAS NO OTHER PLACE TO HOLD MASS, HERE I WOULD GIVE BY BOWING GOD'S HOLY COMMUNION, HAD I TO DEFY LUCKIER MYSELF.

THE UNCLEAN SPIRITS OF THIS FOLDED LONG PAST, I ASKED, THERE!

JUSTIN BRINGS HIS HOLY FISH TO MORNING GOD, NOT HIGH IN THIS HOUSE OF THE LORD!

TERRORS BE GONE!

THERE! YOU SEE, BROTHERS? TOO LONG HAVE WE LISTENED TO THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PEASANTRY.

THE ABBEY BUT WANTS TO SHINE AGAIN WITH THE LIGHT OF GOD'S MONKS.

BUT JUSTIN, THERE IS A STENCH OF DEATH ABOUT THE ABBEY, DEATH UNCLEAN!

THEN THE BLESSED BLOOD OF JESUS WILL CLEANSE IT AWAY!

THE FINAL CHRISTMAS of FRIAR STEEL

STORY: BUDD LEWIS / ART: JOHN SEVERIN

THOUGH MY LAMBS WERE ASHAMED, I
LEPT THEM INTO THAT PLACE THAT NO
EIGHT NAME GOD'S WILL BE DONE. THEY
WERE THIRDS. I WAS SOLD IN HEAVEN'S
DESIRE, AND HAD TO WAIT AGAIN SOON
HEARD THERE.

SPIRITUS SANCTUS
AND THE LORD
SAID, TAKE DRINK,
FOR THIS IS MY
BLOOD.

BROTHER, BROTHER,
COME AND ACCEPT
HOLY COM--!

MOTHER
OF GOD!

JUSTIN?
WHAT IS
WRONG?

WHAT BLASPHEMY
IS HERE? WHAT HORROR
SACRILEGIOUS COMES
FORTH FROM THIS
PLACE?

THIS IS
THE HOUR
OF
DEMONS!

CHURCH
RESPECT
US!

THIS PLACE IS
RIGGED BY SKILLING
BLASPHEMERS!

IF SPARTANUS BOARDED
IN THIS BECAULD ABBEY
UNTIL YOU CAN BURN THE
DEMON-STEEN WHICH
RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS
ALRIGHTY SIN!

SOMEONE HAS TORN OUT
A HUMAN EYE AND
PLACED IT BEFORE GOD
IN GROTESQUE JOCKERY!

MY HOLYMEN WERE SHOCKED AND FILLED
WITH OBVIOUS FEELINGS OF DISGUST
AT WORK. I ALSO HEARD THESE THINGS
SPOKE, PERSECUTED BY THE CHURCH
TO FRIGHTEN AND DISHEARTEN THE
CHRISTIAN COUNCILORS, AND MY HEART
WAS A STONE AGAINST THESE VILLAINIES.

BRING THEM TO ME
LIKE I FIND THEM AND
BRING THE DECILERS
OF THIS CHRISTIAN
WARRIOR BEFORE ME,
THAT I MIGHT PUNISH
THEM IN GOD'S
WRATH.

JUSTIN, PLEASE!
EVEN BEFORE THE
CULPRIT IS FOUND,
PLEASE AND FOR-
GIVENESS IN THE
HEART!

HOLY MEN
DELIVER ME!
LOOK! THE
CRUCIFY!

I LOOKED AND BEHELD THAT WHICH MIGHT ONE
 MAN'S SINCE INTO DAMNATION. THE FIGURE OF
 CHRIST UPON THE CROSS HUNG LIVELY... BLOOD
 BLED FROM A DAMAGED EYE SOCKET. HERE
 BEFORE ME WITH AWE.

THIS IS INSANE!
 BLOOD FLOWS
 FROM A HEAVY
 STONE... AN EYE
 PLUCKED FROM
 A STONE SKULL?

SEARCH
 THIS
 PLACE!!

FIND TORCHES
 AND LIGHT THEM. WE
 WILL SEEK THIS
 ABBEY'S DARKENED
 CORNERS!

I ARMED MYSELF WITH RESOLVE AND
 BENT FLUENT LIGHT TO SEARCH THE
 DARK SPELLING CATHEDRAL.

LET THE SEARCH
 FOR THE DAMNED
 BEGIN AMONG THOSE
 DAMNED TO DEATH.

IF ANY OF YOU HAVE
 ANSWERS, BRING
 THEM OUT AND PRE-
 PARE FOR THEIR
 USE... IN THE NAME
 OF CHRIST.

ANTHONY, TAKE A PART
 OF OUR FELLOWS AND
 FIND YOUR WAY THROUGH
 THE Labyrinth
 BENEATH THE CHAPEL.

THE BEST, ATTEND
 WITH ME. AND MAKE
 HASTE... SET OUR TO-
 MORROW'S SCHEDULE
 OR LAY A TRAP TO
 HOLD US FURTHER.

THE DEPTH OF THE
 UNLIGHTED
 CORRIDOR
 SUMMED US IN OUR
 FEARFUL SEARCH.

WATCHED OR CLEANSED BY THE
 LIGHT OF DAY, THE BOWELS OF THE
 ANCIENT ABBEY SUFFLED WITH
 DARKNESS... AND SACRILEGE BEST LEFT
 UNDISCOVERED.

PLOP!
 PLOP!

AN HOUR OR MORE HAD
SLIPPED BY, AND THE TIME
HAD BOUGHT US NOTHING
FOR CLUE.

YET JUST AS I HAD
PERFECTLY HUNT ANTHONY'S
GROUP AND UNCOVERED
AN EAG-DIPPING SUBMAN
DROPT THE AIR

CHIEF! TEMPER
MY GULL!
SOMEONE IS
CAUGHT!

WE'RE IN
BREATHLESSLY INTO
THE CHAPSPICE,
TOWARD CONFESSION,
TOWARD THE LAST
ECHOING SCREAMS
NO ON-LOOK

THERE!
A HONK
LAYING...

THE WORLD CHOKED IN MY THROAT
AS I WOULD ROSE TO SAY AS,
THERE IS NOTHING SO SINGULARLY
SPOOKY AS THE STENCH OF NEWLY
OPENED WOUNDS. THEY'LL
IT BATTLE MARK. THIS... I
ONCE CALLED...

...ANTHONY!

FEAR JESUS!
ANTHONY IS...
RIPPED
AHEAD!

THERE IS
MORE HERE
THAN ALL WE
SEE.

THIS... I SHALL
END THE HORROR
BROUGHT HERE
AND END IT!

IF IT BE
SOMETHING
MORE THAN
MAN...

AND BE THE MURDERER
A MAN... MY OWN HANDS
WILL DELIVER HIM TO
GOD FOR JUDGEMENT

I WILL MAKE
THE JUDGEMENT
MYSELF!

HEAVEN
HELP
ME.



I GOT STUCK IN BLOOD! I'M AS LIKE MURDERED
 MYSELF UPON THE FLINT FLOOR. HE SCREAMED
 IN SILENCE, AS IF THE TONGUES WERE RIPPED
 FROM HIS TONGUE. I LUCK BY FORTUNE, MYSTICAL
 AND BENT HIS OWN FLESH BLOOD.

SHEDS OF BURNED SKIN PEELLED
 AWAY BENEATH HIS OWN NAILS, AND
 IN HIS FLAILING, HE MOURED
 WORDS OF PAIN TO ME. WORDS
 THAT COULD NOT BE HEARD.

IN THE NAME OF CHRIST LORD
 BE COOKED BY THY HAND
 AND FIRE, MY BROTHER!

BETWEEN CONVULSIONS HE WHISPERED AS
 BEST HE MAY, "HELP ME, I BURN. I AM IN
 FLAME, SMITE ME I SMOOTHER ME, I DELIVER
 ME OR SLAY ME." HIS FLESH BEGAN TO
 BEEK OF BURNING, THOUGH THERE WERE NO
 FLAME. I SMOOTHERED HIM WITH THE BACK
 OF MY HAND.

WHAT NOISE
 OF THE
 GODLESS?

AND ARISING UP FROM THE
 SEETHING DRAIN OF LUKES
 SUFFER TURNING I SAW...
 A VISION OF LUCIFER
 INCARNATE.

THE BEAST SAILED AND HOPPED BUT SAT UPON ME AT ONCE,
 PULSING FIGHT TO FLICK HIS MIGHT AND CAPTURE A
 THOUGHT INTO MY HEAD.

PTAM!
 THE BEAST SPoke INTO MY
 MIND SAYING, "WHAT IS THIS
 SACRILEGE INTO MY FATHER'S
 HOUSE, I HAVE COME TO
 EXERCISE AND CAST OUT!"

MY HEART IS HARD,
 SULPHUROUS (SOUL IN!)
 I HAVE NO FEARS
 UPON GOD'S BIRTH
 GAVE GOD HIMSELF!

THIS IS MY FATHER'S
 HOUSE! NOT THINE!
 AND I WILL BE IT TO
 CAST OUT THINE
 AND THY DEVILS!

DEMONS HAVE
 TAKEN OVER GOD'S
 CHURCH... AND I
 HAVE COME THIS
 CHRISTMAS DAY TO
 HEAR MASS
 WITHIN THE
 DAWNING THINE
 AND THINE ALL
 THE WHILE!

AND APPEARING OUT HIS BERRY ARMO, THE
 DEMON GRABED ME AND I HEARD HIS
 VOICE SAYING, "THIN TO US PEOPLE! THINE
 AND ME I TRY GOD AGAINST MINE!"

THIS MAN AND MONSTER
MET IN TORNADOUS
CONTACT AS HE FOUGHT
ACROSS THE FLOODS. HE
TORE AT HIS HAIR AND
OF MY FLAME AND THOUGH
HE WALKED NOT ONCE,
THE SURE DID I TONE.

I AM A MAN OF FIERCELY
THE CROSS, BUT ADOPTING
SWIRLS NOT LIKE THE
SHOWER.



AND MUST BETTER
CONSERVATION THAN
BOTH AT ONCE?

THE FORD OF THE SLAIN SAINT TOOK
TO ONLY SLAIN, BURNING IN FIERCE
FIREWORK UPON THE FLOODS, AND SOON
THE BATTERED AND BEATING FOLLOWED
HIM INTO SLAVE, CRAWLING THE
EVL THAT HAD SOLID A ONCE HOLY
PLACE.



IN THE NAME OF
GOD I CONQUERED
THE BURNING ARMY
TO FLAME.
BUT WHAT OF
MY LUNG? FOR
ANTHONY? AND
THE BEST? ALL
DEAD WITHOUT
ABSOLUTION??



FIRE BANGS AROUND
ME AND BURNED WITHIN
ME AS THE HOT ONE'S
COLD IN MY ARM.

HEAR ME, O LORD!
AND TELL ME WHY!
TELL ME QUICK!
WHY HAVE YOU
LET THIS BE?

HAVE I NOT SEEN THIS?
HAVE I NOT SLAIN THOU-
SANDS FOR THIS? HAVE I
NOT GIVEN MY LIFE, MY
MIGHT, MY TREASURE FOR
BUT THIS?



THIS ONE TIME
ONLY THIS ONE
TIME I HAVE
NEEDED YOU!

WHERE ARE YOU?
WHY DIDN'T YOU
HELP ME?

ALL MY LIFE
I HAVE LABORED
UP TO MY KNEES
IN BLOOD FOR
WHAT? AND NEVER
HAVE YOU CARED!

TO WHAT AM
I PLEDGED?
TO HONOR A
DEAF GOD?

DO I NOW AND FOREVER
AND BROODS ENDLESS
HOURS IN THE DIRT...
UPON MY KNEES... TO
AN ALMIGHTY DEITY...
WHO THROWS HIS FACE
AWAY IN MY MOMENT
OF NEED?

AND WHAT OF
LIFE? WHAT
OF MY LABORS?
WHAT MORE
DO YOU WANT
OF ME? I
PAIN YOU!

I STOOD IN MY ANGER AND CURRED
THE NAME OF MY GOD, AND HEAVEN
WAS OPENED AND LIGHTNING CAME
FORTH AND SMOTE ME EVEN AS
I CROOD!



AND AS I LAY THERE STILLED A BRAND BURNED DEEP ON MY BLOOD... A BRAND ON MY FOREHEAD
THAT EVER I WOULD LIVE WITH... THAT EVER WOULD PROCLAIM ME A SON OF LUICIFER!



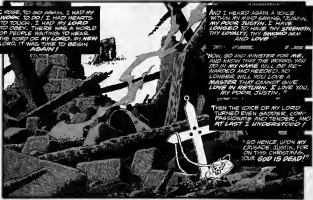
I RISE, TO GO AGAIN, I HAD MY
HEARTS TO DO! I HAD HEARTS
TO TOUCH, I HAD MY LORD
TO OBEY, THERE WAS A WORLD
OF PEOPLE WAITING TO HEAR
THE WORD OF MY LORD, MY NEW
LORD, IT WAS TIME TO BEGIN
AGAIN!


AND I HEARD AGAIN A VOICE
WITHIN MY HEART SAYING, "DUSTY,
MY POOR DUSTY, I HAVE
LONGED TO HAVE TTY STRENGTH,
TTY LOYALTY, TTY SINCERE HEART
AND LOVE!"

NOW, GO AND MINISTER FOR ME,
AND KNOW THAT THE BIRDS YOU
SEE IN MY NAME WILL BE RE-
WARDED AND REDEEMED, NO
LONGER WILL YOU LOVE A
MASTER THAT CANNOT GIVE
LOVE IN RETURN, I LOVE YOU,
MY POOR DUSTY."

THEN THE VOICE OF MY LORD
TURNED EVEN SARDONIC, COM-
PASSIONATE AND TENDER, AND
AT LAST I UNDERSTOOD!


"SO HENCE, UPON MY
CRUCIFIX, DUSTY, FOR
ON THIS CHRISTMAS,
YOUR GOD IS DEAD!"






GONE! AH GOD, FOUR LETTERS ONLY,
ONE NOVEL, ONE THOUGHT, ONE BREATH OF AIR,
YET ALL OF LIFE TO ONE WHO HUNGERS,
ONE WHO CLINGS TO NIGHT'S DESPAIR.


clarice



GONE SHE IS THIS BLACK DECEMBER,
AS DECEMBERS PAST COMPARE,
AND MY SOUL GONE OUT THERE WITH HER,
THROUGH ALL SNOWS OF YESTERYEAR.



STILL SHE STANDS ALOOF BEFORE ME,
PALE AND TENDER, PAIN AND DARE,
STILL SHE RUNS THROUGH REASONS LAUGHING,
LOOSED IN MEMORY, SUMMER'S SHADE.



WE SHARE THEN THE HANDSOME'S LAUGHTER,
WE JOIN THEN IN SPRINGTIME'S PLAY,
WE EMBRACE THE SUMMER'S GLOW,
WE STEAL KISSES ON AUTUMN GRASS.

TELL THE EYEBROWS COME TOO QUICKLY
AND THE STARS HANG COLD AND STARE,
AND SHE TREMBLES LIKE A FLOWER
UNDER SNOW THE WINTER SHARES.



AND THESE SNOWS TAKE OVERMORE FROM ME
MY WHOLE LIFE, MY SINGLE HEIR
TO FACE THIS CABIN'S CHILL, WAKENING
BEGGING GOD IN DRUNKEN PRAYER.



WHY I COME HERE EVERY SEASON,
DRIVEN BY THE GHOST OF PEARL,
I CANNOT IN TRUTH YOU ANSWER,
LESS THE GUILT I'M BLINDLY LED,



TO THESE DARK WALLS I STUMBLE
NIGHTMARE'S CLUTCH IN VAIN TO SHAKE
WHILE WITHIN THE FIREPLACE SPACES
FLAMES OF THINGS WE DID AND SAID



I RECALL, HOW I STOOD FOREVER,
ON MY KNEE BY REVERIE FED
TOGETHER HERE NEAR THESE SAME WARDROBES
TOGETHER YULETIDE'S NOODING HEAD



AT THE POOL, ON NINE'S GAY PERSON,
SHE STILL LIGHT IN DRELIGHT'S RED,
BOUGHT THE BITTER NIGHT FOR PRE-WOOD
THERE WE SAID TO CHRISTMAS RED



I WERE HEARD THE POOR (BEHIND HER,
BLOW TIGHT SHUT IN FRAME OF LEAD
ON HER RAPPING, OR HER POUNDING.
I WAS TO THE WORLD ONE DEAD



HOW SHE SUFFERED AGONIZING,
HOW HER SCRAPING FINGERS BLEED
HOW SHE SCREAMED MY NAME IN TERROR,
I'LL RELIVE IN YEARS AHEAD,



WELL, MY BRAIN SOMEHOW DIMINISH,
SHORT RELUCTANT EYES MUST SHOW,
BECKONING STILL, ON FROZEN DOORSTEP
SCREAMING SILENT WITH THE CROW.



THERE MY WIFE FROM US DEPARTED
HAPPINESS CAME WITH Icy BLOW
AS SHE REACHED WITH CLUTCHING TALKING
FOR A WARMTH SHE'D NEVER KNOW.



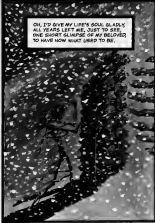
ON A FIELD OF DESOLATION,
THREAT ICE-COVERED LIMBS THAT BOW,
THERE I LAY HER SILENT FIGURE,
WHILE THE SUN BARE EVER LOW.



AND ALL NIGHT I HEARD HER SCREAMING
ALL NEXT DAY THE POUNDING FLOW
OF HER FISTS AGAINST THE OAK WOOD
PHANTOM CLAWS THAT WON'T LET GO.



OH, I'D GIVE MY LIFE'S SOUL BLINDLY
ALL YEARS LEFT ME. JUST TO SEE
ONE SHORT GLIMPSE OF MY BELOVED
TO HAVE NOW MUST SEEM TO BE.



TO HOLD IN ARMS DECEASED WITH WANTING
THAT FRAGILE FORM ONCE PART OF ME,
AND FEEL THOSE AMBER EYES THAT BECAME
TO SANITY'S DOOR THEY HOLD THE KEY



IF I COULD BELIEVE SHE HEARS ME,
KNOWS MY ANGUISH FEELS MY PAIN,
I'D LEAVE THIS MORTAL HUSH FOREVER,
AND LET HER WANDERING SPIRIT CLAIM.



TO SEE HER SMILE ONCE MORE BEFORE ME,
TO KNOW HER TOUCH WHILE I YET LIVE,
TO HEAR HER TENDER VOICE CONSOLE ME,
"BELOVED HUSBAND... I FORGIVE."





HOW SHALL I TELL YOU THE STORY? SHALL I BEGIN WITH ONCE UPON A TIME? FOR IT DID BEGIN HERE...ONCE UPON A TIME...



IT BEGAN HERE AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD, WITH A LITTLE MAN WHO KNEW NOTHING...

...NOTHING BUT A MEMORY OF WHAT HAD BEEN BEFORE...



The BELIEVER

...AND A BELIEF THAT HE MUST NEVER LET THAT MEMORY DIE.



HYAA-HYAAHH!
BLAST YE! UP NOW! UP
HEY! WE'VE MANY A MILE
AHEAD THE DAMN CORNER
MY LADS!
HYAAHH!

YES. PERHAPS THIS IS HOW I SHALL TELL THE TALE. ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A LONELY LITTLE MAN...WHO KEPT CHRISTMAS ALIVE.

THERE HAD COME A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS SNOW IN ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS DECEMBER 24TH 1903. CHRISTMAS IN NEW ENGLAND HAS ALWAYS BEEN HERALDED AS THE TYPICAL AMERICAN TIME FOR CHEER... FOR JOY.



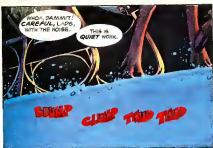
AND THE CHILDREN OF ATTLEBORO'S RUN DOWN WORKHOUSE BARRACKS WERE TRYING TO FIND A LITTLE CHEER, A GLIMMER OF JOY...



...AND RAILING.











YES, I KNOW ABOUT YOU. I KNOW ABOUT ALL THE BELIEVERS.

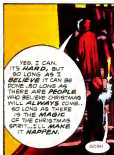
BELIEVERS?

ANY PERSON ANYWHERE WHO BELIEVES IN CHRISTMAS, OR SANTA CLAUSE... I KNOW ABOUT.



YES, JOHN, I'M A BELIEVER MYSELF, AND I BELIEVED I COULDN'T LET THIS LOVELY SCENE ~~ONE~~ OUT. I BELIEVED I COULD KEEP IT ALIVE. I STILL BELIEVE I HAVE THE MAGIC TO DO IT!

YOU CAN DO IT! YOU CAN! LOOK AT WHAT YOU CAN DO!



YES, I CAN. IT'S HARD, BUT SO LONG AS I BELIEVE IT CAN BE DONE. SO LONG AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE CHRISTMAS WILL ALWAYS COME... SO LONG AS THERE IS THE MAGIC OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT... I'LL MAKE IT HAPPEN.

0034



I SUPPOSE JOHN THAT CHRISTMAS MEANS DIFFERENT THINGS TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

TO SOME, IT MEANS SANTA CLAUSE. TO SOME, THE BIRTH OF CHRIST. TO OTHERS ... JUST ANOTHER DAY.

AND YOU, JOHN?



I GUESS... I GUESS I BELIEVE IN ... YOU!

THANK YOU, JOHN. I'VE NEVER HAD A CHRISTMAS PRESENT ANY NICER THAN THAT.

AND NOW...



MY PRESENT TO THE GOOD HEADMASTER IRVING.

W-WHAT?

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE IN SANTA'S MAGIC BAG!



MERRY CHRISTMAS, HEADMASTER! FROM THE CHILDREN AND ME!



YOU!
YOU OUGHT TO
BE DEAD!
YOU KILLED
CHRISTMAS!!



THANK

YOU!!!



THE LITTLE, LOVELY ELF
HAD GONE. I HADN'T
EVEN TIME TO SAY
GOODBYE... OR TELL
HIM HOW MUCH HE
MEANT TO ME.

I FELT SO HELPLESS.
CHRISTMAS SIMPLY DIED
IN MY ARMS THAT LONG AGO
CHILL DECEMBER NIGHT.



MAYBE HIS MAGIC WAS IN
THOSE CURLY TOED ELFIN
SHOES...OR IN HIS HAIR.

OR MAYBE THE MAGIC
WAS UP AT THE
NORTH POLE...OR
MAYBE IT WAS JUST
IN CHRISTMAS ITSELF.



THEN I KNEW! IT WAS
ALMOST LIKE I FELT
HIS MAGIC ENTER MY
HEART. I KNEW WHAT
I HAD TO DO.



I ONLY REALLY
UNDERSTOOD ONE
THING...AND IT WAS
THE SAME THING THAT
GANNY HIMSELF HAD
BELIEVED ALL THOSE
LOVELY YEARS. CHRIST-
MAS MUST NOT DIE!



IT WAS THE BUSIEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE. BUT I GOT
IT DONE. I KEPT GOING. FLYING THAT
ANCIENT SLEIGH IN BETWEEN THE
TICKS OF THE CLOCK UNTIL SANTA'S SACK
WAS AT LAST EMPTY.

THEN I TOOK GANNY UNTER'S HOME. AND I
MARKED HIS GRAVE WITH A CHRISTMAS STAR.

I'LL NEVER FORGET HIM OR WHAT HE SAID. "SO
LONG AS I BELIEVE IT CAN BE DONE SO LONG
AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE CHRISTMAS
WILL ALWAYS COME. SO LONG AS THERE IS THE
MAGIC OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT... I'LL
MAKE IT HAPPEN." AND SO WILL I...

...BELIEVE ME!





HULLO NOW!
HULLO/HULLO/WE'VE
GOT A **BUTTON** FOR
YOUR JACKET. WE'VE
GOT A **NEEDLE** FOR THE
BUTTON...AND A LITTLE
THREAD TO SEW!

A **PENNY** FOR A
BUTTON. A **PENNY** FOR
A **NEEDLE**. A **PENNY** FOR
A **POOL**...AND YOU'RE
LOOKING **HEATER**!

HULLO NOW! **ANNUB**!
CHRISTMAS TIME!
CHRISTMAS TIME! GOT TO
PUSH. GOT TO **WARRIE**.
GOT TO **MIND** WITH
BUT TONS FROM OLD
SEN THE **ANNE**!

MR. SAMUEL L. BLESHER (LIFELONG RESIDENT OF
THE BACKSTREET, A GENTLEMAN OF THE FAST
LIVE, A SALESMAN DOWN ON HIS KNEES, A
STREET CORNER EMPORIUM JUST UP THE BLOCK
FROM **BLANKSIPPY**.



first snow, magic snow



AND SAM BLESHER IS CLOSING UP SHOP A
LITTLE EARLY ON AN UNREASONABLY
WARM DECEMBER EVENING

HE HAD TO HURRY, FOR MR. BLESHER HAD
A DATE WITH **EXTINCTION**.

THERE WERE ALOT OF THINGS
WAITING ABOUT TODAY. IT WAS
CHRISTMAS EVE. IT WAS
THE WARM,



AND HE WAS ALONE. AFTER ALL
THOSE YEARS... ALL THOSE OTHER
CHRISTMAS EVES.



HE WAS STILL ALONE, AND
THERE WAS NO SANTA CLAUS,
AND THERE WAS NO CHRISTMAS.



THERE WAS NOTHING, NOTHING BUT
AN EMPTY PLACE LEFT IN HIS SOUL
FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS THAT
PLACE HAD BEEN EMPTY.



AND THERE HAD BEEN NO CHRISTMAS, NO
LIVING AND NO LIFE.



NO THERE COULD BE NO ANYTHING,
EXCEPT WAITING. NOT WHEN A
PERSON WAS A GUY THE SIZE
OF THE ONE LEFT IN HIS SOUL.
WHEN SHE DIED... WHEN SHE DIED
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY. SHE'D REALLY
BEEN GONE THAT LONG, AND HE COULD
NOT LOVE HER ANY LESS, OR MISS
HER ANY MORE.



TIMES WERE HARD BUT THEN, THERE WERE HARDER THAN WHEN SHE WAS STILL WITH HIM. MAYBE IT WAS HARD THINGS THAT KILLED HER.



TIMES WERE HARD BUT HE ALWAYS WORE A LITTLE GARRET. MADE A LITTLE EXTRA. THE PENCE HE ADDED UP.

AND HE NEVER FORGOT TO REMEMBER.



AND MAYBE IT WAS THAT MEMORY THAT WAS KILLING HIM.

EVERY YEAR FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HE'D COMED AND FORWARDED TO BUY THE CANDLES TO LIGHT AT ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, FOR CHRISTMAS MASS.



IT WAS SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL.



BUTTONS AND BOWS DRESS UP YOUR CLOTHES! HULLO NOW HULLO!



IT WASN'T MUCH AND IT COST A LOT. YET IT WAS SOMETHING SAM BLESKER KNEW SHE'D HAVE REALLY LOVED.

WELL, THERE, LITTLE MISS, WHAT CAN I SELL YOU?



PLEASE SIR, I WANT TO BUY A BUTTON FOR MY MOTHER'S DRESS.

SHE'D HAVE LOVED IT. AND SOMEHOW HE FELT THAT SHE ALWAYS KNEW.



WHY DOESN'T YOUR MOMMA SELECT HER OWN BUTTONG?[?]

BECAUSE SHE DIED. I HAVE TO SEW ONE ON SO SHE CAN LOOK NICE THIS AFTERNOON AT THE CEMETERY.

BUT THEN...



...SOMETHING HAPPENED.



ONE OF THOSE ODD LITTLE ANTHRAPS OF LIFE... LIKE CATCHING A GINGER IN YOUR EYE.



ONE OF THOSE LITTLE THINGS THAT GET IN YOUR EYAP...!

LIKE STUMBLING OVER YOUR OWN ABBERT AND FALLING NICE, DEEP IN LOVE.



HERE, LITTLE ONE! HERE'S ALL THE BUTTONGS I HAVE, NEEDLES AND BRIGHT COLORED THREAD! AND SOME RED DISBOWS JUST FOR YOU!

OH, AND SOME FERRARIS TO BUY CHRISTMAS DRINKS... ABOUT A DOLLAR'S WORTH.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, CHILD.



CHRISTMAS IS OVER, AND FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SAM HAD
NO CHANCE FOR THE CHRISTMAS MESS,
BUT SOMEHOW, HE JUST DIDN'T WANT!



"AND THE LITTLE RED-HAIRED
GIRL SAID, 'LET'S BUILD A
SNOWMAN!' AND THEY DID,
AND UP, AND BEHOLD IF THE
SHADOWMAN DIDN'T BEGIN TO
DANCE AROUND!"



"AND PROOFY SAID, THE
REASON I'M ALIVE IS
BECAUSE YOU MADE ME
OUT OF THE FIRST
SNOW! OF THE
YEAR!"



"AND IF THE FIRST SNOW
FALLS ON CHRISTMAS,
THEY SAY ITS A MAGIC
SNOW! ANYTHING
CAN HAPPEN WHEN ITS
FIRST SNOW, MAGIC
SNOW!"



"FOR WHAT COULD BE
MORE MAGIC THAN
CHRISTMAS? OR MORE
MAGIC THAN SNOW?
A CHRISTMAS SNOW!
AND OLD PROOFY'S
END OF IT!"



SO SAM SPENT THE REMAINDER OF HIS MOST WONDERFUL
CHRISTMAS AS HE HAD KNOWN IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.



AND WHEN IT WAS NEARLY OVER, HE TOOK HIS
WEARY, BUT HAPPY LITTLE FRIEND HOME.

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS HE NEVER FELT SO WARM INSIDE AS ON THIS MAGIC, TINKLING NIGHT. EVEN THE AIR WAS CRISP WITH PROMISE.



SAM?

IT WAS LIKE HE WAS JUST WAITING... I LIKE ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS...



ANNE?
HIS GIRL?

...TURN AROUND...



OH, MY SWEET SAMUEL.

ANNE?...
CAN IT BE?

...AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WOULD PASS INTO SUGAR. SHADOW WISHED.



SAM, LET'S GO HOME. IT'S BEEN SO LONG, AND IT'S SNOWING.

YES, YES IT IS SNOWING, ANNE. WASN'T IT WONDERFUL? AND... BY SOLID, IT'S THE FIRST SNOW... AND IT'S CHRISTMAS.

BY SOLID, ANNE, LET'S GO HOME.



A PETROLEUM MAN FOUND SAMUEL, A BLESSED THAT NIGHT ON THE STEPS OF THE CHURCH HE ANNE HAD LOVED SO MUCH.

...FINALLY, WE JUST FOUND A BODY... PROBABLY TO DEATH ON THE CHURCH STEPS... A WIND AND DUST ALL HE HAD ON HIM WAS THIS.



MAYBE YOU KNOW A KID WHO WOULD LIKE IT.

INDEED, OFFICE... IT WILL MAKE SOME REALLY SOLID, A FINE, FINE CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

FOR OLD SAM BLUNDER IT WAS A MOST MAGICAL MOMENT... THE HAPPIEST AND MOST MAGICAL CHRISTMAS OF HIS LIFE!



**SNOW! ENDLESS, DAMNABLE, DEATH-
BRINGING SNOW!
WHO WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT IT COULD
DESTROY A
WORLD?**

ONE NIGHT, FOUR
HELLISH YEARS
AGO, IT CAME
CREEPING IN
THE DARKNESS,
LIKE A THIEF
COME TO **AND**
STOLE ALL OF
ALL IT HAD
BUILT... ALL IT
HAD **CREATED**

I-I CAN'T
MAKE IT,
BARBAR!

"YOU'RE DOING
AWAY GOOD, JUST
HANG IN THERE,
BUDDY."

the FINAL GIFT

SCIENTISTS OBSERVED IT THE NEW
ICE AGE. THEY SAID IT WASN'T
SCHEDULED TO COME FOR ANOTHER
FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS.

BUT **SOMEBODY** HERE IT **WAS**, AND
NO ONE QUITE UNDERSTOOD **WHY** IT
HAD COME **NOW...** AT THE **WORST**
POSSIBLE TIME... JUST AS **ONE, COME**
AND OTHER **WAST** PRODUCING
RESOURCES WERE **DRAINING** THEM

WE'VE GOT
TO FIND HIM
SWAMP FEAR
SARGE... OR YES
BOUGHT IT

I JUST OVER
THE OVER THE
NEXT AGE,
TRAPPER.

THERE'S **SURE**
TO BE SOMETHING
JUST OVER THE
NEXT HILL

THERE WAS PANIC, NATUALLY, AND FIGHTING, IMAGE, CHAOTIC
FIGHTING IN THE STREETS, FOR A CHAIN OF CHAOS, A STICK OF
WOOD, FOR ANYTHING THAT WOULD CATCH FIRE AND GIVE OFF HEAT

THE MESSY, MUST HAVE KILLED MILLIONS

TRAPPER:
THEY'RE
SOMETHING
DOWN IN THAT
VALLEY

A TOWN
COULD IT BE
A TOWN
SARGE?

AFTER THAT, CAME THE
INEVITABLE Famine

IF IT IS I
PRAY GOD ITS
THE ANGEL
WE'VE BEEN
SEARCHING
FOR...

THE CITIES WERE THE MESSY BIT,
SAID CONTINUING CLUSTERS OF PEOPLE,
FEELING, STARVING, AND PUTTING
EACH OTHER TO DEATH IN RITS OF
COLD-INDUCED MADNESS

WITH PEOPLE,
SOME, HUMANE
PEOPLE, AND
FOOD!



HEY!
HEY!



HEY!
HEY!



CAN
ANYBODY
HEAR?



BUT THE CITIES WERE OUR ONLY HOME, ALSO

SHIT!

IF CIVILIZATION WERE TO SURVIVE, IT
COULD ONLY MAKE IT BY PEOPLE WORKING
TOGETHER... IN AN ORDERLY WAY

JUST LIKE
ALL THE OTHER
TRAPPER...

JUST LIKE
ALL THE DAMNED
GOD-CORRUPTING
OTHERS!



THERE WERE FEW SAUNTERS ON... FEW ST. ONE ENOUGH TO MAKE IT... TO SURVIVE THE UNDESIRABLE.

OH GOD!
OH GOD! LET
IT OPEN...
PLEASE!

GOT
IT!

WE HAVEN'T
SEEN REAL FOOD
IN MONTHS...! I
I'LL EAT IT IF ITS
SHOE POLISH!

W-WHAT IS
IT SARGES?
TELL ME!

VETERAN
K-TANG!

SARGE WAS ONE OF THE STRONG ONES.
HE WATCHED HIS FAMILY DNE, ONE BY
ONE... SICK, WE-ZRA, MURDERY PEATHS,
AND HE CRIED WHEN HE COULD DO
NOTHING TO SAVE THEM.

I-IT'S
LARD!

COOKING
FAT!

GREASED
CAISOP
B-BUT IS IT
EDIBLE?

SARGE WAS HALF-PAW ACROSS WHAT WAS ONCE THE COLORADO
MOUNTAINS WHEN I STUMBLERD INTO HIM. NEITHER OF US
KNEW WHERE WE WERE GOING. JUST GOING TO BE
MOVING. TO KEEP MOVING. HOPING THAT SOMEWHERE
THERE WAS SOMETHING.

I'DBE ENOUGH IN
FRIENDY BY FOOD
BUTTERED BILLY IS
PARTING IN
APPRECIATION!

EAT AS MUCH AS YOU
CAN JONES! IT'LL HELP
BUILD YOUR STRENGTH!

JONES WAS HALF DEAD BY THE
TIME HE CLOSERD INTO HIS CAGIN.
IT WAS APOUSE. HALF EATEN IN
SNOW. BUT IN IT, HE HURRERD THE
BOY AS CLOSE TO HEALTHY AS HIS
POOD AND LESS HEAT WOULD ALLOW.

W-WHAT
NOW, SARGE?

YOU THINK THERE
ARE ANY PEOPLE LEFT
IN THIS PLACE,
SARGE?

THERE WERE OTHERS WHO
SURVIVED, TOO. NOT MANY,
BUT OCCASIONALLY WED TRUP
ON SOMEONE SLIMING OVER THE
FET OF DEATH WITH A THRESHOLD
ON LIFE.

EEEEEE!

THAT'S GOTTA
ANSWER YOUR
QUESTION,
JONES!

C'MON! LET'S
SEE WHO'S
SCREAMING!

THE LIVING HAD SPLIT PRETTY MUCH INTO TWO GROUPS. THOSE
WHO WERE STRONG ENOUGH OR LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE IT...
AND THOSE WHO WERE THE STRONG AND LUCKY.

CANNIBALS!

THE FLESHEATERS PROMLED WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE CITIES AND TOWNS. IT WAS **SARGE** THAT YOU'D FIND ONE IN OPEN COUNTRY...

HOLD IT, FLESH-EATER!

...CAUSE THEIR KIND OF GAME WAS EVEN SCARIER IN THE WILDERNESS THAN IN THE TOWNS.

STAY OR I'LL FEED YOU TO YOUR FRIENDS!

I UNDERSTOOD THE CANNIBALS, AT LEAST I THOUGHT I DID. THEY ARE ONLY THE **WEEWEST** "GAME"...THOSE WHO DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHANCE OF LEAVING ANYWAY!

SOOOOOFF!

OH BY GOD...A BOY!

THEY WEREN'T MONSTERS, THEY WERE **REALISTS**... MAKING USE OF THE ONLY FOOD SOURCE LEFT TO THEM.

FORGET HIM, SARGE!

THE CANNIBALS GOT HERE FIRST!

LEED HIM AS FOOD!

YEAH! I UNDERSTOOD THEM, AND I'D BEEN TEMPTED ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS TO JOIN THEM. IF NOT FOR **SARGE**...

FORGET WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, TRAPPER!

I'LL KILL YOU BEFORE I LET YOU CUT UP THAT BOY FOR FOOD!

...IF NOT FOR **SARGE**, I WOULD HAVE SLICED A LITTLE STEAK OFF MANY A FROGGER CORPSE.

HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO BE EATEN LIKE AN ANIMAL!

HE WAS **HUMAN**, DAMMIT! SAME AS YOU AND ME!

IT WAS **SARGE** WHO KEPT WHAT WAS LEFT OF HUMANITY ALIVE IN ME.



IT'S OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE, TRAPPER!
SOMEWHERE, THERE'S
FOOD... **WHAATH?**

THERE'S
GOT TO BE!

SARGE WAS THE STRONGEST OF OUR
GROUP, PHYSICALLY EMOTIONALLY
WE LEANED ON HIM... TOOK OUR
STRENGTH FROM HIM. WHEN HE
REASONED THAT IT WAS UP TO US TO
PRESERVE CIVILIZATION... TO REJECT
CANNIBALISM, WE ACCEPTED HIS
LOGIC AS OUR ONLY SANE DESTINY.



YET, THREE MEN CAN'T TRAVEL
WE PROPELLED OURSELVES BY
ARMS AND A BELLYFUL OF
CHIEF.

T-THE ARSE,
HUH, SARGE?

HACCA'S
JUST OVER
THE NEXT
RIDGE!



ON WE WENT, HOWEVER, EVER-SEARCHING, EVER-HOPING, HOPING
BEYOND HOPE THAT SOMEWHERE... ANYWHERE THERE WAS MEAT,
FOOD, AND AN END TO THIS ICE-D-VER HELL.

W-WE SHOULD
HAVE EATEN
THAT ARSE,
SARGE!

I-I
CAN'T GO ON
W-WITHOUT
FOOD!

YOU CAN DO
IT, JONES!
WE'LL FIND
SOMETHING!



WITH EACH STEP WE LEFT ONE MORE FLAKE OF HOPE... ONE MORE DUNCE
OF STRENGTH IN THE SNOWY FOOTPRINTS LEAVING US...

IT'S NO USE,
SARGE! HE'S
DOWN!

IT'S ONLY
A MATTER
OF TIME
FOR HIM!

W-WHELP
ME, TRAPPER...
SARGE!

...UNFL. THERE WAS SIMPLY NO MORE HOPE. NO MORE STRENGTH TO GIVE.

I... ILL FIND SOMETHING JONES!

I'LL STAY WITH HIM, TRAPPER! I'LL FIND SOMETHING FOR HIM TO EAT!

WHERE, SARGE? WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO FIND FOOD?

OVER THE NEXT HILL? IN THE MOUNTAIN THAT WE ALL KNOW IS NON-EXISTENT?

YOU'RE A FOOL SARGE! WE'RE ALL FOOLS... FIGHTING FOR WHAT?

SO WE CAN DIE TOMORROW INSTEAD OF TODAY?

NOW THIS IS IT, MY FRIEND! THE END OF THE LINE! JONES DIES HERE!

AND WHEN HE'S GONE, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR GIRL AND PUT A BULLET IN HER OWN BRAIN!

CIVILIZATION, TRAPPER! THAT'S WHAT WE'VE COME THIS FAR TO ARRIVE... WHAT'S LEFT OF HUMANITY!

OH I'VE SEEN 5000 PICTURES OF MY FAMILY TRAPPER! THEY'RE WHAT'S LEFT ARE GONE! THEY'RE WHAT CIVILIZATION IS ALL ABOUT!

POOR! MY LITTLE LISA ALWAYS LOVED THE SNOW! IT WAS HER FAVORITE TIME OF YEAR! SNOWMEN! ELEGANT CHRISTMAS!

YOU READY TO... MOVE, TRAPPER?

JONES? YOU CAN'T PROTECT FOR MEAN!

IT MUST BE PLANNED CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS, TRAPPER! I... I WONDER IF ANYONE ANYWHERE CELEBRATES CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY ANYMORE?

I... I CAN... ANYONE IT, TRAPPER?

What... something? I would like a... a... for you soon...

I... I MOVE... TO! WE'VE CLOSE... NO C-CLOSE...

I... JUST OVER THE NEXT HILL? I... I CAN FEEL IT!

JONES AND I NEVER NOTICED THAT SARGE WASN'T WITH US WHEN WE SCALD THAT LAST HILL. WE'D STAYED BEHIND...

TRAPPER!
P-DO YOU SEE?

DO YOU SEE...
I-IN... THAT VALLEY?

...TEARS WERE SWOLLEN, PRESSING IN HIS EYES AND IN HIS MIND WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF CIVILIZATION FOR HIM... PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS DEAD FAMILY.

OH LORD!
LORD! IT'S
A VILLAGE,
JONES... A
GENUINE
VILLAGE...
...WITH
LIGHTS...
SMOKE...

SARGE NEVER KNEW ABOUT THE VILLAGE, HE NEVER HEARD OUR JOYOUS CHANTS OVER THE HOWLING BLIZZARD... BUT WE HEARD!

...AND JONES...
DO... YOU SMELL
THAT? I-IT SMELLS
LIKE FOOD, JONES!

WHEN SARGE PUT THE RIFLE TO HIS HEAD AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER THAT BLEW HIS BRAINS AWAY, WE HEARD ALL... TOO-WELL!

S-SOMEBODY'S
COOKING
FOOD--!

BOM!

HOODOO!

SARGE WAS A STRONG MAN, STRONGER THAN EITHER JONES OR MYSELF. HE DIDN'T KILL HIMSELF OUT OF WEARINESS... OR BECAUSE HE COULDN'T ACCEPT HIS FATE.

HE PULLED THAT TRIGGER FOR US, FOR JONES AND ME.

WE KNOW WHY WE DID IT ABOUT CHRISTMAS. HE KNEW THAT WE UNDERSTOOD IT TO BE NECESSARY FOR SURVIVAL!

MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF, SARGE WANTED US TO SURVIVE!

AND BE IT CHRISTMAS OR NOT, HE WISHED US TO BEGIN UPON US A GIFT THAT SHOWED HIS PROFOUND LOVE!

JONES AND I STAYED ON THE MOUNTAIN THAT NIGHT.

WE BURNED WHAT CLOTHING WE COULD BURN, AND COOKED A FEAST... A CHRISTMAS FEAST.

AND IN OUR OWN WAY, WE SHOWED SARGE THAT WE ACCEPTED HIS GIFT... AND THAT WE, TOO...

...LOVED HIM!

The FINAL CHRISTMAS

IT WAS SOMEWHERE OVER IN BROOKLYN... ON THE QUEENS... OR MAYBE IT WAS THE BOSSAK. IT HAPPENED IN THAT LITTLE BROOKLYN NEIGHBORHOOD TO A BROKEN DOWN WORLD FULL OF SICK, LONELY, FRIGHTENED AND BROKEN DOWN PEOPLE.

NO ONE SAW THE CHURCH A BLAZE. NOBODY CARED THAT A LITTLE PRIEST WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN HIS LITTLE CHRISTMAS MASS. NO ONE CARED THAT THIS WAS THE LAST MASS AND THAT IT IS WHY THIS WAS TO BE THE FINAL CHRISTMAS.



OH MY, HOW SAD, I HAD SO HOPED FOR SOME SORT OF TURNOUT.



WELL, LORD, IT LOOKS LIKE ITS JUST YOU AND I AGAIN.

IT'S A LONELY TURNOUT FOR A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

A LONELY MAN IN A DESERTED PLACE... TRYING TO KEEP ALIVE SOMETHING THAT HAD BEEN ABANDONED. PAPER RUNAROUND BECAME A MASS FOR NO ONE... IN A DESERTED CHRISTMAS SHOW GATHERED ABOUT HIS SUFFERING HEART.



WHATEVER
UNCLEAN SPIRIT
COMES BEFORE THE
HOUSE OF GOD, LET
HIM FALL BURN...
TERRIBLE IN THE
PRESENCE OF THE
MOST HOLY OF
HOLIES!



I SAID, THIS MASS
IS AT **END!** FOR ALL
TIME!

YOU FEEL THE
PRESENCE OF THE
TERROR OF
TERRORS!

YOU LITTLE PRIEST!
YOU TREMBLE! YOU
FALL DOWN!



GODD!
THE HOLY
CROSS BURNS
LIKE FIRE!



HEAVENLY
FATHER, WHAT
HORRIBLE
MONSTER OF
THIS!



CONFUSED
PRIEST? CAN YOU
LOOK AT ME AND
NOT KNOW ME?

I AM ME. I AM
ALL KNOWING. I
AM JUDAS, I AM
LUKAS, I
AM YOU!

I AM EVERYTHING
THAT IS EVIL!

I AM A
DEMON
DAD!











uncle creepy's catacombs

VAMPIRES? WEREWOLVES? PSYCHOPATHIC KILLERS? THE QUESTIONS ARE HERE! THE ANSWERS ARE YOURS! TELL US WHAT YOU WANT IN THE WARREN MAGAZINES!

Monsters! Aliens! Demons! What do you want to see in your Warren magazine? Tell us in the special questionnaire below. It will take just a few minutes! And it should be fun!

- Where did you purchase this magazine?
 - ☐ Newsstand
 - ☐ Store
 - ☐ Supermarket
 - ☐ Other _____
- This establishment carries CREEPY ...
 - ☐ All the time
 - ☐ Usually
 - ☐ Rarely
 - ☐ That is the first time I have found it here.
- Why do you buy CREEPY? (Check one or more.)
 - ☐ Because I generally like the magazine
 - ☐ buy an issue because of its cover
 - ☐ buy an issue because of the stories
 - ☐ buy an issue because of the artists featured
 - ☐ buy an issue because of the writers featured
 - ☐ am a comic book reader
- How long have you been reading CREEPY?
 - ☐ Less than six months
 - ☐ Six months to a year
 - ☐ One year to two years
 - ☐ Two years or more
- How often do you buy CREEPY?
 - ☐ Periodically (3 issues a year)
 - ☐ Frequently (5-6 issues a year)
 - ☐ Seldom (1-4 issues a year)
 - ☐ This is my first issue
 - ☐ I have a subscription
- What is your general impression of this magazine? /
 - ☐ Excellent
 - ☐ Good
 - ☐ Fair
 - ☐ Poor
- What other magazines do you read regularly? _____
- What was the last book you read? _____
- Which story appearing in this issue of CREEPY did you like the most? _____
- Why? _____
- Which story in this issue did you like the least? _____
- Why? _____
- Which is the best story you have ever read in CREEPY? _____
- Do you like up-beat stories wherein the protagonist triumphs? ☐ Yes ☐ No
- Do you like down-beat stories wherein the protagonist is destroyed? ☐ Yes ☐ No
- Do you like stories that make you ... laugh? ☐ Yes ☐ No ... creep? ☐ Yes ☐ No
 - ☐ I think ☐ Yes ☐ No
- Do you like detailed stories with an abundance of word-
ing? ☐ Yes ☐ No
- Do you like simplistic lighty-weighted stories that are easy
to read? ☐ Yes ☐ No
- What are your favorite types of stories?
 - ☐ Horror
 - ☐ Science fiction
 - ☐ Fantasy
 - ☐ Sword/sorcery
 - ☐ Romance
 - ☐ Adventure
 - ☐ Super hero
 - ☐ Satire
 - ☐ Other _____
- I would like to see more stories about:
 - ☐ Vampires
 - ☐ Werewolves
 - ☐ Mutants
 - ☐ Ghouls
 - ☐ Demons
 - ☐ Monsters
 - ☐ Ghosts
 - ☐ Elves
 - ☐ Fairies
 - ☐ Gargoyles
 - ☐ Goblins
 - ☐ Trolls
 - ☐ Space adventurers
 - ☐ Costumed heroes
 - ☐ Barbarians
 - ☐ Magic/magicals
 - ☐ people with extraordinary abilities
 - ☐ Others _____
- My favorite setting for a story is:
 - ☐ Past
 - ☐ Present
 - ☐ Future
- Who are your favorite comic book artists? _____
- Who are your favorite comic book writers? _____
- What stimulates your imagination most about CREEPY
magazine? _____
- Would you be willing to pay more for CREEPY if it con-
tained one color story each issue? ☐ Yes ☐ No
- Would you be willing to pay more for CREEPY if it con-
tained more comic pages per issue? ☐ Yes ☐ No
- Do you read the advertising pages in the back of this
magazine? ☐ Yes ☐ No
- Have you ever ordered any of the Captain Company prod-
ucts advertised? ☐ Once ☐ More than once ☐ Never
- Why? _____
- Why don't you purchase this magazine more frequently? _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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THESE RESULTS WERE REPRODUCED IN THE PRESENCE OF 10% ETHANOL.

42508 CREEPY BUNNIES MARK 54.95

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HERE ARE 3 FABULOUS SETS OF CREEPY-FEBIE MASKS!

ADULT COLORING BOOKS

Monsters, man-made and natural, horses, wildlife. Creatures from the future and from the dawn of time. Characters and scenes of the present. All of these are yours to color as you choose, when you archness these terrific coloring books. All contain quality artwork and intelligent text and can be colored with crayons, markers, paints. All illustrations are backed with text so leading, silver or marker color will not mar a backing illustration. All can be framed. These are colorful books for adults... for kids... for them too!



DINOSAURS

[illegible]

MONSTER GALLERY

THE NEW YORK TIMES



THE MONSTERS

There is a large 10,000 sq. ft. swimming pool by the hotel which draws swimmers from all over the Midwest. The hotel is a fine example of a large pool. It is located in the heart of the city. The hotel is a fine example of a large pool. It is located in the heart of the city. The hotel is a fine example of a large pool. It is located in the heart of the city.



THE SPIRIT

News of the 8 April 22 page 10 and 11
 between David Corning and the
 by some of the many thousands of
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 ships by the house. Each page is
 replaced on news daily page
 and is said to be a copy of the
 where it appears to say the ship
 was first published. Reading such
 papers as the Times, the Daily
 and the Standard, for the first
 time all over again, and the
 and sometimes you can find



ONLY 99¢

WEREWOLF NOSE!

TURN YOURSELF INTO A WOLFMAN

[illegible]

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS OF EC COMICS!

To comics fans and aficionados of excellent graphic labels of classic horror, the EC logo serves, in the annals of comic memorabilia, work done by the EC label is revered above that done by most of the contemporary competitors. EC comic Weekly Weird, Frank Frazetta, Jack Davis, Joe Orlando, Jack Kirby, John Severin, Sam Crandall, Graham Ingels, George Korman, Ben Kuroki, Johnny Chase, Al Feldstein. These are men made EC comic. The greatest in color graphic art. These are the artists whose work is reprinted in these 32 page comic. The greatest in color graphic art of the 1950s, mostly as they appeared 20 years ago. Complete issues of TWO FISTED TALKERS, SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY, VAULT OF HORROR, CRYPT OF TERROR, HAUNT OF FEAR, SHOCK SUSPENSE STORIES, CRIME SUSPENSE STORIES. Great comics, just the way you remember them. Just as good as you heard they were. Just as good as you hoped they'd be. Dr. Frederick Wertham's "Seduction of the Innocent" banned the end of EC comics. A whole generation has grown up without the ministrations of the Old Witch, the Vault Keeper and the Crypt Keeper. Now is your chance to enjoy what you've missed at a price you can afford. Quality reprints. Quality reprint. 75¢ [C] in full color! Fantastic and Spectacular stories You've never seen anything like before.

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COMICS AT A PRICE YOU CAN
AFFORD. GREAT REPRODUCTION.
FANTASTIC ART. THE STORIES
YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT. DON'T
MISS OUT. ORDER YOURS NOW!

[illegible]

Wynn's second
"13" study
West leads off
with the suit-
able Marlene,
followed by
Jackie Kennedy's
all-arounder
here," Kennedy's
"Blue 1961"
and Alvin Gar-
rett's "Caprice
by Blue," a few
pieces of art
for the evening.
Dinner, 7:15.



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**REPORT OF THE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION**



Herbivore. First TADP FOR Tuna successfully taken by White Shark Males, that is, apparently female. Tuna in Shark Bait on one day. Baited. "The Shark" was not taken. But 3 days later, caught by White Shark on one day. Baited.



PERSONNEL
The following
names of other
members:
Thos. Parker
Wm. Ryback
Hans, and
Graham, plus
Roy Chan, in
Hawthorne
plant and The
Company, by
which H. Ryback,

[illegible]

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Words, Pgs 112, 13
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**REPORT OF
FEDERAL BUREAU
OF INVESTIGATION
OF THE
U.S. DEPARTMENT
OF JUSTICE
ON THE
ACTS OF
TERRORISM
AND
OBSCURITY
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Q Did you know that the
Germans were about to come
up Bay Bridge, Ma
Massachusetts, and with
me, I was all right. I was
all right. I was all right.



NOPE LITTLE reputation. Calling courts, up the Bureau, House, Senate, and the others, all along. (Continued on page 10)



SAVING PETE
Tom Scavell's horse
lives in which animal
and is rescued by humans
by Mark Lawrence and
others. 1990. 128 pp.



These figures are not unusual among Americans, even with all kinds of parcel and delivery by Letter, Money Order and all the rest of it. — 1954



Fig. 1. Model of the system
A company (bank) makes
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on 3rd choice. 1st, 2nd, 3rd



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These are perhaps two of the greatest little robots since their parents 3 inches tall and ready to go! Designed to win the plastic key in their claws and off they bundle, foot over foot. Dr. Zolan with his flaming hair and blue suit and comrade C. rookian with black hair and red stripes march on to the next \$1.38 sale.



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Dracula

and, consequently, may be taken as a model for any collection into account that the library, through the efforts of the Chinese and American staffs, is to document the history of the several cities comprising the Special Service Area. The project is being carried out by the American staff in cooperation with the Chinese staff, and the project is being carried out in the Special Service Area, and the project is being carried out in the Special Service Area, and the project is being carried out in the Special Service Area.

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 Poe, THE PIT AND THE PENDU-
 LANT** is found in your library, but
 well worth your "PIT" (Vol. 1) &
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FRIGHT A group of people take flight with the pop music industry. Bear and Flight. That's a pun. Not. The **HOUSE OF JACK** this music business takes with Bear when you're **ALONE**. **HOUSE OF JACK**. **FRIGHT**. 12-30

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WILL SHIRT STORM OF YOUR BIRD'S FEET 44
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